UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

What My Religion Means to Me
- - - - - *Errold D. Collymore*

Political and Economic Conditions
- - - - *Hon. William E. Borah*

The Cure of Disillusionment
- - - - *John Haynes Holmes*

Travel Letters-VII—The Philippines
- - - - - *Alson H. Robinson*

The Study Table

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

The Arithmetic of War

The Co-operative Commonwealth Federation of Canada has offered a fertile suggestion for use in the schools. Why not, asked the C. C. F., frame the problems in arithmetic in such a way that they illustrate such matters as world peace, education, farm relief, and other social problems? As examples of material on war and peace the following are offered:

1. The mere cost of transporting the armies in the Great War of 1914-1918 was $2,100,000 a day. Assuming a family of six persons on relief in Saskatchewan received $1.20 a day or 20 cents per person, how many persons could be helped each day with such a sum?

2. In this war it cost $1,000,000 a day to feed the horses used in the armies. At $500 each, to how many boys and girls could be given a year in college for this amount paid for horse feed?

3. Five superdreadnaughts of the Queen Elizabeth type were put in commission by Great Britain in 1915. The powder used in firing a single shot from one of the eight 15-inch guns cost $750. How much did it cost, for powder alone, to fire one round of the eight guns on a single ship?

4. The average annual tuition of a student in college or university is $150. For how many students would the mere powder required for a single round of shots from the five superdreadnaughts in Ex. 3 pay the tuition?

5. Before the Great War of 1914-1918 the national debt of the United Kingdom, largely due to war, was $3,485,818,000 and the entire wealth of the country was estimated at $85,000,000,000. What per cent of the total wealth was the debt?

6. Before 1914 the national debt of France was $6,346,129,000, also largely due to war, and the entire wealth of the country was estimated at $50,000,000,000. What per cent of the total wealth was the debt?

7. In the wars from 1790 to 1913 there were 18,552,200 men engaged, of whom 5,498,097 lost their lives. What per cent of the men engaged were killed?

No Frontier News Service.

(*Continued on Page* 140)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXVII MONDAY, JUNE 1, 1936 No. 7

WAR

Great princes have great playthings. . . .
Some seek diversion in the tented field,
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.
But war's a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well
To extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief, and who spoil,
Because men suffer it, their toy the world.

William Cowper

THE ADMINISTRATION'S GOOD AND BAD

The campaign this year is going to be unusual in the sense that it will involve not so much the weighing of one party against another, as the weighing of the good and bad of a single party. The question for most persons will be not so much, Do we want the Republicans to come in, as, Do we want the Democrats to stay in. The Republicans, in other words, will have to stand and wait while the electors place the Roosevelt rule in the balances, and determine if, on the whole, it is good or bad. If we may anticipate this process a bit, we would say that the good things in the administration record are at least: (1) the T. V. A., which marks an initial victory in a war which must in the end destroy the Power Trust; (2) the H. O. L. C., which has saved millions of homes for distressed families by a process as sound financially as it is beneficent socially; (3) the C. C. C., which, in spite of all the complaints and charges brought against it, we still regard as an enlightened adventure which has salvaged hundreds of thousands of young lives from total loss; and (4) the Security Act, which, in spite of all its terrible defects at least establishes a principle basic to the new society of the future. The bad things in the administration record we would list as follows: (1) the N. R. A., which was poorly conceived, wretchedly conducted, and in the end betrayed labor and exploited the consumer; (2) the juggling of the currency, especially the purchasing of gold and silver, which completely misfired; (3) the debauchery of the civil service, so bad that it carries us 'way back to the spoils policy of Andrew Jackson; and (4) the rampant militarism, which has broken all peace-time records for army and navy appropriations, and has left munition-makers and war-traders untouched. Around these items are others, like the A. A. A., which are good or bad according to the point of view. More important than any specific items, perhaps, either good or bad, are tendencies which are momentous—on the one hand, a recognition of human values which is magnificent, and on the other hand a growing habit of Fascist authority and arrogance which is alarming. Basic is the question as to whether the administration is really doing anything fundamental in social change or just bolstering up the existing system for another crash. Each citizen will weigh these matters on his own scales, and vote accordingly. The result will be Roosevelt endorsed, or Roosevelt repudiated.

ETHIOPIA AND NON-RESISTANCE

When Italy began her invasion of Ethiopia, Gandhi of India urged the subjects of Haile Selassie to defend themselves by non-resistant methods. The Mahatma pointed out, contrary to the judgment of so-called military experts, that resistance by force of arms was absolutely futile. Trusting not in the opinions of generals and admirals, who talked about climate, the terrain, the guerilla tactics of savage warriors, and what not, but trusting rather in plain, everyday common sense, Gandhi asserted that Italy would swiftly gain all her objectives in war, and Ethiopia thus be beaten to the dust. The one way out, said the great Indian, is non-resistance. In view of what has actually happened these last few weeks we can see that non-resistance could at least have resulted in no more complete disaster than has actually taken place. The opponents of non-resistance always argue that it must fail. Well, force and violence have now failed, haven't they—and amid circumstances of horror and death which can alone be compassed by modern arms? So, if the Ethiopians had not so much as fired a gun or lifted a spear, they would be no worse off than they are at this present moment. But might they not be much better off? Gandhi's method would have involved not non-resistance in the negative or acquiescent sense of the word, but rather what the Mahatma calls "non-violent resistance." The Ethiopians would not have fought the Italians, or killed them, but would have boycotted them *en masse*. They would have abandoned their cities and towns, deserted their homes and farms, and re-

tired into the inaccessible fastnesses of their wilderness. There, with their flocks and simple farming tools, they would have reorganized their life altogether apart from invading armies of occupation, and waited for time to do its perfect work. With no enemy to fight, with no battles to win, with no glory to gain, how long would Mussolini have been able to hold the support of his army and the allegiance of his people? The indefinite continuance of a struggle on these terms would certainly have broken down, in the long run, the economic stability and psychological morale of Italy, and thus in the end secured deliverance for Ethiopia. Is the whole idea crazy, or does Gandhi really know the way?

THE FATE OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

In the complete collapse of the League of Nations, there arises the question as to what is to be done. There in Geneva is the great palace of the League. Is it to stand, like the pitiful Hague palace, built with such confidence by Andrew Carnegie, as a monument of defeated hopes and buried ideals? That the League has failed there can be no longer either doubt or denial. After each previous fiasco, League champions have asked for more time, and have proffered endless excuses and explanations. But the collapse in the case of Italy and Ethiopia, following so hard upon the collapse in the case of Japan and China, has a finality about it that is appalling. The League system, upon which Great Britain has leaned so heavily, has simply broken down. It no longer works, if indeed it ever did. Foreign Secretary Eden, of London, is in his own particular way as forlorn as Haile Selassie, of Addis Ababa. Now comes the question—what to do! The answer to this question, in our opinion, is to be found in the fact that the League of Nations has never been strong enough, has never been used for genuinely world interests, has never been organized to serve mankind, has never been granted the position, the power, or the purpose to preserve peace in defiance of the war-making nations of the earth. Something much more than the League has ever been is obviously needed. Therefore must there be no talk of abandoning the League of Nations, or of curtailing its prerogatives. Rather must there be an attempt to create a new League, so to speak, which will mark as great an advance over the present League, as this League in turn marks over the old Hague Conference. We agree with the New York *Times:*

> "A world ashamed at the breakdown of plans for collective security must set to work to make better ones. . . By some means the civilized world must make it certain that events like those which have taken place in Ethiopia cannot again occur. It may be done by binding agreements among separate nations. It may be done by a powerful organization embracing all countries. But in one way or another it must be done, if civilization is not to be compelled, from time to time, to inspect itself and be ashamed of what it discovers."

GANDHI MEETS FORCE AGAIN!

The long threatened break between Gandhi and Pandit Jewaharlal Nehru seems at last to have come. Elected President of the Indian National Congress at its recent meeting at Lucknow, Nehru came out for the use of violence in the struggle for independence, and is reported to be "planning a movement to shake British rule in India." The first result of this policy, as might be expected, is to shake the Congress and the whole Nationalist movement. There can be no personal break between Gandhi and his youthful follower, for the Mahatma does not work that way, even though he confesses at the moment that his "life work is ruined." But the split in the Congress is wide and open, and thus inevitably weakens the whole cause. Perhaps this is the reason why the British government in India, according to a dispatch in the New York *Times,* has "welcomed this new direction of Nationalist policy." Meanwhile, Gandhi has met the situation with utter realism and imperturbable sweetness of temper, also with unshaken confidence in his principles of non-violent resistance. "Not even the firmness and repression of the British government," he says, "have harmed my work as much as the new policy outlined by Jewaharlal Nehru." The sincerity of this utterance may be measured by the fact that Nehru has declared that "our members must fight, and not spin," and seeks an armed revolt of the organized peasantry and trade unions. But when this campaign fails, continues Gandhi, as it will "in two or three years," then Nehru may return, and he will be welcomed. So Gandhi, however much disappointed, serenely bides his time! The situation is in many ways similar to that precipitated by C. R. Das in 1934, when that great leader broke away from Gandhi on the issue of political action, and insisted on trying to capture the legislative councils. Now the break comes on the issue of direct or violent action, as Nehru insists upon resort to force in a great popular revolt. As the Nationalist movement returned to Gandhi on this earlier occasion, so it will return to him again on this later occasion. Gandhi can afford to wait. "When Nehru realizes his mistake, he will find me not only willing to help him," says the Mahatma, "but ready with a new program which will startle Britain even more than did my civil disobedience campaign."

CHURCH UNITY ON THE WAY

The action of the Methodist Episcopal Convention, meeting in Columbus, Ohio, in voting for the unification of the three great branches of Methodism in this country, is to be hailed by all who believe that religion is intended to unite and not to divide. If this were nothing more than one isolated instance by itself, it would be welcome. But its real significance, as was pointed out by Dr. Ivan Lee Holt, President of the

Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, is to be found in the fact that "it is only the beginning of a process." We should say rather that it is the continuance of a process, already well started. But the important thing is that denominationalism is every day and every way becoming more and more intolerable. The Community Church movement discovered this years ago, and throughout the land has churches, of great variety, all founded upon the principle of a unified religious life. Unitarians and Universalists, recognizing the principle, have done it little more than lip-service as yet, but must in the end lead in uniting the liberal religious forces of the country. Here the Free Church Fellowship, feebly sustained though bravely led, shows the way. Dr. Holt dares to see in the United States "one great Protestant church such as was formed in Canada." Indeed, he goes farther than this and sees "a united Christendom, a union of all Protestant faiths with the great Catholic Church." Central to this whole conception is the fact, succinctly stated by Dr. Holt, that *"we have come to a time when the evils in this world are too great for any sort of a divided church."* The Methodist union will be consummated a few years hence, when the other segments of Wesley's world have taken action. This achievement should be followed by others, until through all this broad and mighty land "there is one body, and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling."

"THE DECLINE OF THE WEST"

Oswald Spengler, dead in Munich on May 8th last, wrought in his masterwork one of the supreme intellectual achievements of his age. This book, *The Decline of the West,* in its content as well as in its sensational reception, suggested comparison with Max Nordau's *Degeneration,* but the former had foundations of knowledge and pinnacles of philosophic vision which made it a far greater edifice of thought. One does not have to agree with Spengler's conclusions to recognize the stupendous power of the author's work, and its equally stupendous significance for these times. His central theory was not new. Others, from Lucretius to Nietzsche, have taught the thesis of decay—that civilizations, like organisms, pass through a cycle of birth, youth, maturity, disintegration and death, and that these cycles recur, in uniformity, like the planetary orbits in the sky. What made Spengler's work so impressive was the encyclopedic range of his knowledge, the surpassing brilliancy of his style, the majestic sweep of his historic panorama, and especially the striking parallel worked out to the remotest detail between our own civilization and those which have gone before. Spengler saw nothing ahead of us but destruction and doom. "The end is at hand," he wrote. "Germany has fallen, but the course of our enemies is nearly run. The downfall of the Occident is approaching. Western Europe has passed its zenith and must now look forward to a rapid decline, and its civilization must soon range itself with the extinct civilizations of Greece, Egypt and India." A certain terrible cogency was given to this prophecy by the fact that the first edition of *The Decline of the West* appeared before the rise of Mussolini and long before the rise of Hitler, and yet forecast the return of dictatorships, the coming of an age of the Caesars. Spengler was often described as the philosopher of Fascism. Such an idea springs from the fallacious fault of confusing the presentation of a fact with its advocacy. Spengler read the signs of the times, and told us what he saw. Whether true or not, we agree with the New York *Times* that "he painted a world panorama that, like a great play, or a great symphony, is its own justification for existence."

THE LAST CRUSADER

Unity is an uncompromising pacifist journal, but it must lay its wreath upon the tomb of Field Marshall Lord Allenby, appropriately placed among England's immortal military dead in St. Paul's Cathedral. Allenby was a conqueror in the truest sense of the word, and yet not a conqueror. His deeds outshine those of any other soldier in the Great War. What the Crusaders tried to do, in ages gone, he did with a completeness and finality of triumph which dazzled the world. Of his campaign against Jerusalem and Damascus, a great military critic has said that "no other military conception during the whole war was so symmetrical in its design, so naturally dramatic in its setting, so perfectly fitted in the highest hopes of its author," and none was carried out with such brilliancy of execution to so decisive an end. But this, which ranks Allenby among the greatest soldiers of all time, was only the beginning of his greatness. For this conqueror wrought no cruelty and sought no glory. His character is beautifully symbolized by his refusal to enter the Holy City on horseback, and his insistence on walking those sacred streets on foot, like the veriest pilgrim. And he treated his enemy like a chivalrous knight, and thus made his battle of Armageddon a victory of the spirit as well as of the sword. But what was best about him was his abhorrence of war. Like Sherman, he declared that "war is hell"; like Grant, he said, "Let us have peace." Only some two weeks before his sudden death, he delivered a passionate indictment of war to the students of the University of Edinburgh. In ringing words, he denounced "the narrow nationalism that is miscalled patriotism," and called for a world state to keep the peace. Referring to the United States, he said, "You had your wars and troubles continually in the thirteen colonies until you gave yourselves a Federal Government and formed the United States of America. That's just the way I feel about Europe." In Allenby's death passed a great statesman as well as a great soldier, and a servant of peace as well as a victor in war. *Requiescat in Pace!*

Jottings

Mussolini talks about his "shining victory" in Ethiopia. The phrase reminds us of the famous reference of John Randolph to a certain political opponent, of whom the doughty Virginian said, "He shines and stinks, and stinks and shines, like a dead mackerel rotting in the moonlight."

A plan to fly in a rocket to the moon is declared by a scientist to be "actually possible today." But it is "impractical," since it would cost "in the neighborhood of $100,000,000 to launch into space." But that's nothing. Not in this age! Why not ask the administration to take it over as a P. W. A. project?

The demoralization of the Post Office Department, the destruction of the federal civil service, the debauchery of the politics of a great party and of the nation at large, this is the record of "Jim" Farley, the friend and manager of President Roosevelt. Is there anything quite so important at this hour as to rid the country of this man?

Laboratory investigators in the West, keeping college students awake for many hours, have found that sleeplessness causes irritability. Well, well, isn't science wonderful! As a matter of fact, to tell the truth, we discovered years ago that sleeplessness causes irritability. Our wives have discovered it, too!

How do we know the Pope loves peace? Because after a war like that in Ethiopia, which has been fought for months without condemnation by the Church, his Holiness orders prayers of thanksgiving that peace has been restored after a bloody victory.

J. Edgar Hoover and his G-men threaten to discredit all the classic detective fiction in literature. In these detective novels, it will be remembered, it is invariably the government police who are stupid and ineffectual.

J. H. H.

What My Religion Means to Me

ERROLD D. COLLYMORE*

It has been an interesting experience to go back down the long avenue of memory to recall incidents relating to my religious life. I thought that to do this might help me build up a story sufficiently coherent to enable me to examine and evaluate it, and to answer for myself and for you the question "What does my religion mean to me?"

I picked up the beginning of the thread at a place far back in my memory where my mother, in my early childhood, related to me how, on the day of my baptism, when the Reverend Mr. Parker (the old English rector at St. Barnabas Anglican Church) took me in his arms—my long white robe touching the floor—and, with the words "I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," and so forth, poured cold water on my face, I let out such a terrific yell that I set people to snickering all over the holy place. That was probably the first sign of the religious rebel in me. We were members of the Anglican Church and I lived on an island of the Carribean group that stands away to the northeast of the other islands —the island of Barbados.

My own earliest memory in connection with the church goes back to a time when, on a certain day that seemed to come with frequent regularity, we children could not play in our own yard, but were dressed with special care and taken by our mother to a big, quiet house where a bell rang. To reach this house we passed through a broad garden where tall, flat stones stood on their ends among trees and flowers, and over in the center of the garden stood a tall, sad, white-stone woman wearing a long robe that covered her toes; the palms of her hands pressed together with the finger-tips pointing toward the tree-tops; her head bowed; and sticking off from the back of her shoulders were two large wings, the tips of which reached nearly to her heels.

Inside the big house there was an awful, palpable silence as we tiptoed behind our mother along the long red carpet to our pew. All around in pews like ours people sat in silence. The people seemed to me to be of different colors. Some were what I came later to know as white. We were all together in the big, quiet house, where the sun came in through tall windows of many beautiful colors; and the roof above us went way up high to a point. Then out of this great silence would come a low, vibrant sound from a place where stood a number of tall pipes like soldiers of different heights. Below, this bank of tall pipes pointed their tips to a man with his back turned to the people; and as this man swayed his body the strains of what I later came to know as "the processional" issued forth; and far down the aisle voices were raised in harmony with the sound of the pipes. Then slowly, and with measured pace, a long row of boys and young men and women, and men with big clear voices, all robed in black cassocks and spotless white surplices, moved by twos up the aisle past our pew. Behind them followed a saintly-looking old man with gold and scarlet over his white robe. All of them marched up to a place where the brilliant morning sun streamed in through large, tall windows of many colors, and where tall white candles, standing like soldiers, burned without a flicker amid banks of white lilies.

Then the people rose up and sang the same song

*The author of this article is a Negro, living in White Plains, N. Y. Three or four years ago he blew the lid off the town by purchasing a house in the white section and living in it (as he still does). This article was read as an address before the White Plains Community Church.—Editor.

that those in the white robes were singing. And the house was filled with the music and the singing. As the singing and the music ceased, the saintly old man with the gold and scarlet said "God is in his holy temple, let all keep silence before him." Then there was chanting and singing of anthems, and prayer and praise to God.

Sunday after Sunday as my childhood advanced, this same thing was repeated, and I felt assured that I knew who and where God was. He was the somebody big enough to fill the big house, yet small enough to live in the little golden box up by the candles and the white lilies. I was quite sure of God until, at Sunday school, I was told that God was three people at once—father, son and holy ghost. My confusion at first was overwhelming. More so when my mother told me that God was everywhere. How disappointing, when I *knew* he was in the little golden box at the big house with the spires on the roof. Then, to add to my confusion, people began telling me that he was in a place called heaven, up in the sky.

The whole mess began to straighten itself out for me somewhat when it was explained that there was a man named Jesus, born in a manner of great mystery; that his father was the holy ghost; that sometimes his father was God, and God and the Holy Ghost were by a great mysterious trick one and the same; that Jesus was really like them and of them, but he came to the earth to walk around with people so that he might set them an example as to how they should live. He was really God in the flesh.

Out of this welter of confusion I tried in my childish way to rationalize; but without success. At the age of nine my doubts began to rise. At the grammar school, every morning, we repeated the Apostles' Creed; then read the Bible. The Creed says in part —"I believe in Jesus Christ . . . conceived by the holy ghost; born of the virgin Mary . . ." At Bible study one morning I asked Cecil, an older boy, if he had ever seen a ghost. "No," said Cecil. "Could ghosts become fathers?" "No, of course not, dummy," answered Cecil. "But," said I "Jesus' father was a ghost—How?" For answer, Cecil expertly and rapidly turned the pages of the Bible to the part about blasphemy against the holy ghost. I was doomed.

About this time a great evangelist came to Bridgetown from England. I heard many people talk about all the souls he was saving. Here was some service that I needed very much. I went to a meeting one night. This fellow was master of an overwhelming gift of persuasion. He called for sinners to come to the throne of grace and be saved before time changed for eternity. With a host of other sinners, I found myself kneeling at his feet. With his fervent prayers and with much singing I was washed as white as snow in the blood of the lamb. My mother did not know of my great conversion and could not understand nor appreciate my sudden attitude of stupid calm and aloofness from my playmates during the week that followed. The boys called me "sissy," and my dear mother, believing me to be ill, suggested a dose of castor oil. I promptly resumed my former ways of sin.

I became greatly dissatisfied. My church and Sunday school did not teach me enough. At ten years of age I quit St. Barnabas Church, left my mother there, and went to St. Cyprians where I joined the choir. In three years I rose to be head choir-boy. About this time in Bridgetown the laborers were striking for more wages. I contracted the spirit of discontent. The church did not seem interested in these unfortunate people. The church was too dignified and smug, anyway. I called a meeting of the choir-boys. I showed them that we were serving a wealthy church. We were getting only one shilling and sixpence (36 cents) per month. We should demand more pay or strike. I was authorized to write the letter of demand. We presented it to the Rector one Sunday morning before the service. We were fired.

The cartoonist of the local weekly paper drew me the following week at the head of the robed choir, presenting a letter to the Rector demanding more wages, and the Rector showing us the gate. There was much ado about it in the press. Such a terrible thing had never happened before in the long history of the island since its founding in 1610. Some of the other boys got a spanking and went back. I never returned to church. I resisted all forms of persuasion to return. A rebel, I guess, but I could never understand why the church, the fountain of God's goodness, showed no interest in the poor laborers. Two years later I left my island home and went to Panama where the Americans were digging a canal. I spent four years there, but never went to church.

I present all this to give you a full picture of my religious background. Out of this background I did salvage some values. I derived from it a love of beauty, a love of good music, an ethical concept of my relations with other human beings, and a real desire to find God.

I came to New York in 1912. I never went to church during my first three years there. On off-days I spent hours at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in the painting and sculpture sections. Then I would drift about the quiet places in Central Park. I went to the libraries to read, and would often snoop around in available art galleries about 57th street. The quest of beauty afforded a definite spiritual satisfaction.

During my second year in New York I got a job at an art studio. There I met a dear old lady, a Christian Scientist, who tried to convert me. She deluged me with literature. I was not converted. But out of this relationship I fashioned for myself a new concept of God as follows: "God is not a person. God is an infinite, all-pervading somewhat—essence of life, order, truth, beauty." At one time I did attribute a beneficent relationship to us humans; but Bertrand Russell and the proponents of the mechanistic concept came along and shattered that.

Another dreamy old lady at the studio tried Theosophy on me; but one book that she lent me convinced me that all those circles, triangles, and spirals used by the author to prove his point would lead me to the crazy house, as her son-in-law warned me. I promptly dropped that.

At one time I was naive enough to believe that happiness and justice would come finally to the world through the ministrations of the organized Christian religion. Being a Negro has given me a special opportunity to see the futility of such a hope. I am willing to stand outside of the Christian religion and simply live the good life. After three years in New York I left for Howard University. At the University the non-sectarian nature of the daily worship afforded some satisfaction. The unorthodox sermons and an opportunity to sing in the choir filled a need.

During the years that followed, my quest carried me to New Thought, the Baptist, Methodist, Presby-

terian and Congregational Churches. Then I drifted to John Haynes Holmes' Community Church in New York City, in 1923, where a universal religion is preached; and eventually, coming to White Plains, I gravitated to our own Community Church. It is in these last two that I have derived the greatest measure of spiritual satisfaction.

As recently as 1932, traces of the quest stimulated this verse which I dedicated to a dear and esteemed friend, and spiritual counsellor. I called it "The Quest for God":

Often we talked together, my friend and I.
I liked to talk with him, for always he
With reverent mien and patient, listening heart
Would hear me tell of my long search for God.
And always he, with lowered white-crowned head,
And face of a soft and radiant kindness
Listened;
But never spoke of knowing
Where is God.

And oft I told him
Of spired shrine, with lifting strains
Of litany and song—
And resonant strains of organ pealing
High, high hosannas to
The sunlit vault of heaven;
Where—long before grave doubts assailed my mind—
I thought lived God.

And still he listened on with lowered white-crowned head.
But soon he lifted up his brow, and turned
On me a soft, paternal look from out
His kindly deep-set eyes and said,
"Come, come with me atop yon lofty crest,
'Neath which the earth spreads out on every hand,
Like unto a vast and endless sward."

We climbed—and gained the peak from whence
The universe seemed more a grand infinity.
"Look all around," he said, as with an easy wave,
His hand, it seemed, encompassed all about—
"See all these myriad flaming orbs of light,
At random scattered o'er the broad expanse of heaven,
Each whirling on apace around its axial line,
And then along some orbit wide spins on,
Nor fails through aeons of years-of-light
To find again that same prescribéd course?
And yonder tree—just now asleep—
But on the morn will wake and thrust
Her eager leaf-tipped limbs to gather from the sun
And from the cosmic depths such food
As ever builds a sturdy branch, and crowns
Her verdant head with scented blooms,
And luscious fruit."

And man—a wondrous sculpture, full-endowed
With life and love and noble sense of beauty.
What somewhat urges him to see
Yon myriad flaming orbs of light, and know
They move in ordered curve, ellipse, and hold
Their courses by the law some somewhat has devised?
What somewhat urges limb and flower and fruit
Appear, that man and bird might fill their needs of life?
What somewhat paints the sunset and the dawn,
And draws full-throated music from the birds,
To cheer the day and pour a benediction o'er the night?
What undefinéd, undefinable somewhat—
Is it God?

I suppose that, in conclusion, I should make a definite statement on points that some people consider important in this matter of religion. Some years ago, after reading Thomas Huxley, I found the name to define my position in the matter of a personal God. I am an Agnostic. That there is a personal God I do not know. That I should know does not matter. What really does matter is how I deal with myself and with my fellowmen. I believe that I can practise a form of conduct toward my fellowmen and for myself that will constitute the basis for an adequate religion.

I do not believe in personal immortality. The cessation of the physiologic functions which elaborate my life means the passing of another organic entity, like the falling leaf in Autumn. Immortality must depend upon literature and memory. If these were suddenly wiped out there would be no cosmic memento of Socrates, Plato, Jesus, Mohammed, nor George Washington. I have no sentiment regarding death; no interest in hell nor heaven.

I believe that the universe is purposeless; that man, instead of being the special care of some Divine Providence, must depend upon chance and his own wits for survival in the midst of blind and impersonal forces.

Finally, I am satified that religion is not a thing apart from life, but a function of life itself, varying in quality as one lives his life in its ethical relation to other humans. To relate it to the orthodoxy and dogma of the organized church is to condone the paradox of cruelty and hypocrisy. For me, the truly religious spirit engenders tolerance, removes hate and prejudice, stimulates a keen desire for social usefulness, and resolves itself into a love of harmony and of beauty.

Political and Economic Conditions*

HON. WILLIAM E. BORAH

It is said that when the great political revolution of 1801 took place, and Thomas Jefferson became President, Alexander Hamilton, until the hour of his tragic death, nourished the belief that things would swing back and that the old Federal principles and policies would again prevail. Hamilton was in many ways the genius of his age. But the common people he never understood and with their lot he was not deeply concerned. He failed to realize that with the people revolutions do not go backward. The Federalist Party, with its distrust of the people, with its alien and sedition laws, passed out of American politics.

No man was ever wise enough to foretell the exact course or mark the sweep and extent of a political revolution, and I shall not undertake to do so. But the election of 1932 was just as certainly a political revolution as that of 1801 or 1860. It marked the end of one era and the beginning of another. The extent of it I do not undertake to prophesy. If the Republican Party recognizes this fact and formulates its policies and shapes its course in harmony with the new conditions and new demands, it can render incalculable service to free institutions, to personal liberty, and to the cause of humanity. If we are wise enough and brave enough to make the cause of economic freedom the dominant and uncompromising creed of the party, we will have an issue worthy of its highest and best traditions, and may render a service to the American people second to no period in its remarkable history. If the party of Lincoln is willing to dedicate itself to the cause of free enterprise, to remove the private toll-gates which monopoly has erected on the highways of American com-

*This address by Mr. Borah was delivered at Cleveland, Ohio, May, 9, 1936, and printed in the *Congressional Record*, May 12, 1936.

merce, to rip out of our system the practice of price-fixing which has separated our people into two classes and contributed greatly to our depression, it will be in a position, in my opinion, to repossess the confidence of the American people and rededicate itself to their service.

Let us not make the awful mistake which the great Hamilton made and proceed upon the theory that things which happened once may be glossed over and made to happen again. We cannot win upon any such theory, and we are not entitled to win upon any such theory. The organization may have the power to commit the party to such a course. But to do so is to fly in the face of millions of voters and to invite defeat.

I think I know the worth of constitutional integrity and what it means to the happiness of the American people. I feel I understand the worth of an independent judiciary in the scheme of constitutional democracy. I do not minimize their importance. I shall always be ready and anxious to contribute what little influence I may have to their preservation. A record of 30 years upon these matters justifies me in at least saying that much. I have some appreciation, I trust, of the growing waste and extravagance of government, of the devastating influence of bureaucracy, and how these things all fall at last with depressing weight upon the taxpayers of the nation. I minimize the importance of none of these matters. But there is a deep sense of economic injustice which has come to pervade the minds of a vast number of the American people, and justly so, which we dare not disregard. This scheme of government of ours was built upon the principle of equal opportunity to all, and discussions touching the Constitution and the courts should be carried on in the light of that fundamental principle.

We are now in the preconvention contest. But I confess I am thinking more and more about the situation after the national convention shall have closed. We will then have to face the voters out yonder in the open. They have undergone a frightful experience during these last half dozen years. The vast majority of them, in my opinion, care little about party shibboleths. Millions of them feel they have been hedged about by economic and financial conditions, unjust and cruel, like the men whom we read about recently, caught in a mine and wholly dependent for light and life upon generosity of forces which they could not control. They do not understand. And no amount of theory and no amount of partisan discussion will ever enable them to understand why, in a land rich, beyond language to portray, in all things which make for human happiness, one in every four should be denied the right to work, to feed and clothe his family, and why millions should be dependent upon charity for their very existence. They know perfectly well that this was a man-made depression and that a strange and vicious principle of economic injustice is at the bottom of the whole miserable cataclysm. If you talk to these men and women about the Constitution, about the rights and privileges and personal liberty of the citizen, they will, of course, agree with you. But they will ask you: What is your remedy for this economic situation? They will say: We want an opportunity to have homes, to rear families, and to live as American citizens are entitled to live. And what will be our answer? The cry of loyalty to the party, drive out the enemy—this plagiarism from the past will not count. These men and women who have been disciplined through all these years of adversity are alert and will expect an answer in terms of their own future welfare. In the face of forces which threaten their very existence this campaign will to millions be no ordinary party contest.

There is no question about the love and loyalty of the vast majority of the American people to the great underlying principles which distinguish our Government from other governments of the world. The people will not lightly imperil these principles. Ours is the only written Constitution made by the people, amendable by the people, and, in plain language which all may understand, guaranteeing the liberty of the people. All this they know and profoundly appreciate. But they expect—and they have a right to expect—that our Government shall not only guarantee in words the rights of the people, but make good that guaranty. To so execute the powers of government as to disparage the rights and sacrifice the happiness of a large portion of the people is the betrayal of free government, and essays and eulogies will not take the place of the actual use of these powers to the ends for which they were granted by the people.

A long time ago, early in recorded history, a person possessed of a most valuable birthright cried out: "Behold! I am at the point to die, and what profit shall this birthright do to me?" This is the cry which has marked the beginning of all resentment against established government, of established order. The people of the United States have asked and have a right to ask—they would be moral cowards and intellectual slaves if they did not ask—Behold! We are in great distress and have long been in distress. Before the depression we lived meagerly, and since the depression we and our children have lived in actual want. What profit, therefore, are these great principles of free government if they do not protect us in our inalienable right to live, to live decently as free people? This is not a want of loyalty to free government, but it is notice—notice accompanied by a feeling which it is dangerous to disregard; that this Government must be used and its powers exerted in the interests of the people whose Government it is. The power granted the Government by the people under the terms of their Constitution is, in my opinion, ample to protect their rights and to do for them economic justice. The question is, Shall we use these powers in the interest of the people? That is the problem which confronts the Republican Party. If it is not prepared to give assurance that it will use these powers in the interest of the people and not only to give assurance but to accompany that assurance by unmistakable proof that it will be adhered to, then it is hopeless to expect anything in November except pitiable defeat.

I hope you will be patient now while I give you some figures. One takes a risk in burdening his remarks with an extended array of statistical figures. But you will pardon me in taking this risk to some extent since human language cannot convey to you the message contained in these figures. They speak in a language all their own. Let us, in support of my theme, take the years of 1928-29. These years stand out in history as years in which our national plant yielded wealth beyond anything in recorded history. Fortunes were piled upon fortunes until they became the subject of comment not only at home but in all lands. The other side of the picture was not so generally a subject of comment. We now know that in the

midst of this vast wealth the majority of our people had only means enough to sustain a bare existence. Seventy per cent of our people struggled through with nothing but the bare necessities of life, and over half the population had less than an adequate diet, even in this land of untold wealth. Literally millions of children were compelled to remain out of school, denied the advantages of our great free school systems, because their parents could not provide food or clothing sufficient to enable them to attend school—that great university where men and women are prepared for the duties of citizenship. It was during this period, as we now know, that 36,000 families at the dizzy top of the economic ladder enjoyed a greater income than 12,000,000 families at the foot of the ladder. The purchasing power of the great majority of the American people was at the lowest point in our history. Under the old system of primo-geniture and entail, some reckless son might seize the estate to the exclusion of all other members of the family. Under a monopoly-ridden, price-fixing system that is what takes place with reference to the whole national estate. While some live in luxury the great majority live in penury. This was the condition in the years preceding the depression. This is the condition which will always prevail under a monopoly-controlled, price-fixing regime. It is a condition which will grow worse instead of better. It does not make any difference how much recovery we may have as that term is so sadly misused nowadays. There will always be under such a system a scanty, meager living for the vast majority and almost incalculable wealth for the few. The purchasing power of the masses will always be at the lowest ebb which, of itself, will stand as a constant menace to our whole economic system.

What does the Republican Party propose to do about this? Is it satisfied with such a condition of affairs? What is the remedy? And do we propose to apply a remedy? Constitutional democracy, an independent judiciary, the whole grand scheme of free American life are involved in righting this terrible, this brutal economic injustice.

The Republican organization and the men who are making every effort to seize control of the Cleveland convention, the oil companies, the utility magnates, the Du Ponts, the Browns of Ohio, the Edges of New Jersey, the Hilles of New York believe in the system and are its defenders. "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib." They propose to return to this economic condition of 1928-29. They laud it and say that we must get back to it. That is why they are so active. But they will not return to it. They are not equal in genius, many of them, to Alexander Hamilton. But in their limited way they are making the same mistake. They may sink the Republican Party in their effort to return to it, but they will not return to this condition—the people will not let them return to it. We will either drive monopoly and price-fixing out of our system and restore to the disinherited millions their rightful opportunity in the economic world, or we will move on to absolute governmental regimentation. And under either the reign of monopoly or the reign of government regimentation, the free American citizen, who made this country and without whom this Republic cannot exist, will disappear as certainly as the free citizens disappeared in Germany and Italy.

Whoever opposes monopoly and the price-fixing system and all the vicious consequences which follow is immediately assailed as one opposed to business—fighting business—the enemy of business. None knows better than those who raise the cry how utterly false it is. It is a fight for business, for legitimate business, for independent business. Breaking the grip of monopoly is the only hope for the independent groceryman, the independent druggist, the independent business man in any line. The man who builds up his business through industry and ability, through the superior quality of his goods, the honest independent businessman, is the prop and stay of our entire economic system, without which the system cannot exist, and he is entitled to the encouragement and protection of our Government. Monopoly is his enemy, and no one knows it better than he does. Price-fixing is his doom, and no one knows it better than he does. Another 40 years of the growth of monopoly, the spread of price-fixing, such as we have had during the last 40 years, and the independent, legitimate businessman will disappear. In other words, this is a fight for the rights of the man who is willing to devote his ability, his energy to the building up of a business and to know that he will not be bludgeoned out of the economic field through an economic dictator. There appeared in the press dispatches the other day a statement to the effect that there were 5,000,000 young college men ready and anxious to enter upon a life of self-reliance, self-respect, individual initiative, and no place to go. We ought at least to give these young men an economic field uncontrolled, unsold, unpreempted. The great question of the day is: What can we do for the young people? The first thing we ought to do is to give them an open field and a fair chance. Ninety per cent of them will do the rest.

Ohio is a great agricultural state. We have a farm problem. We have had a farm problem increasing in seriousness for many years. We will have a farm problem so long as we have a diminishing market for farm products. And we will have a diminishing market for farm products so long as there is a constant decrease in purchasing power upon the part of the masses. And there will be a constant decrease in purchasing power upon the part of the masses so long as there is a power in this Government lodged in private interests which enables a few corporations to fix prices for 130,000,000 people. The farmer was not at fault in 1928-29. He had produced and was prepared, assuming the American people could buy, to feed the American people. He was prepared to run his farm upon a successful basis if he could find someone to buy his products. But the people to whom he should have been permitted to sell did not have the money with which to buy. One-half of them, as I have said, were living upon the bare necessities of life. Even if this one-half had been able to purchase what they really needed for a decent standard of living there would have been no farm problem. I make this prediction, that we will have a farm problem and the farmer will be in distress, in spite of any remedial measures which we may undertake, unless purchasing power is restored to the masses of the American people. And that never can be done under a monopolistic-controlled, price-fixing system. Every agricultural nation in the world at the present time is increasing its acreage of production. Chester Davis, the able Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, in an article published sometime ago, says: "While we in the United States are driving to shift plow lands to grass, the British are encouraging

through national programs a shift from grass to plow land." So it is everywhere. We are shifting plow lands to grass. We would be shifting grass to plow lands if people could buy what an adequate diet demands.

It is hoped by all, and by many believed, that we are moving toward recovery. Undoubtedly there is evidence of recovery. In some lines of business there is even evidence of prosperity. But, according to the report of the American Federation of Labor, we have 12,550,000 unemployed, a million more than a year ago. According to a statement found in the New York *Times* on the third of March, we have 24,000,000 on relief, 3,000,000 more than in 1934. How indicative this is of the kind of recovery which we speak of as recovery! That which drove us into the depression now proposes to give us a recovery for only a small portion of our people. A few days ago it was judicially determined that one of our most important food products was under the control of a price-fixing power. That caused a great deal of comment. But what would the comment be if we would really realize, which I am informed is actually true, that close to 80 per cent of all the things which enter the daily living of the people is either directly, or indirectly, under the jurisdiction of some price-fixing power. I observed the other day that when the Government sent out for bids upon an important project, nineteen responses came in, all in the same figures. The proof of this conspiracy was at hand. And who pays these prices which these combinations fix except the overburdened taxpayer of the United States? If we are traveling back on the road of so-called prosperity ultimately to arrive at the destination of 1928-29, there will be no recovery for half the population of the United States. There never will be any recovery for them. They will always be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Need we regard this question of unemployment as an insolvable mystery? These unemployed are the economic heirs of the 50,000,000 who were living on less than the bare necessities of life in the period of great prosperity. There is something basically, drastically, shamelessly wrong about such a system. And the question of 1936, after we have witnessed the proof of the effects of such a system, after our people through six years have suffered the tortures of hell because of such a system, is: How are we going to meet the issue?

It is admitted on all hands that regimentation, Government planning, as the phrase is used in popular parlance, must inevitably work a tragic and fundamental change in our form of government. The citizen must surrender his right to conduct his business or pursue his avocation in his own way so long as he does not transgress the rights of others. He must be content to run his business in his own way only so long as he does not transgress the orders of some bureau. The friends of regimentation make no concealment of the fact that the whole structure of government must undergo a complete change. This we shall dread to see. But let us be candid with ourselves. There is no way to avoid regimentation unless we are willing to eliminate the monopolistic system. As between the two, Government regimentation will in time prevail.

Who initiated regimentation in this country?—the monopolies and combines. They initiated the doctrine of curtailment of output even when millions of people were in need. Could a more perfect scheme for the impoverishment of the masses be conceived than the curtailment of output with power to fix prices on that which remained? They drove independent business from many fields of activity and reduced employment. They were the first to say: You shall not sell below a certain price and remain in business. They were the authors of price-fixing throughout the country. We cannot escape the dilemma. If we do not restore free enterprise in this country, then we are going to have regimentation, either private or public. And either one, as I have said, means the end of the American scheme of life. But if the Republican Party is so wedded to its idols, if it has not the courage to break away from these powerful forces, if the party and its candidates continue to accept the money and contributions of these forces, it is doomed to have no part in the liberation of American enterprise, just as the old Whig Party, by reason of its sheer moral cowardice, was doomed to have no part in liberating a race.

The only recovery which will be recovery to a very large portion of our population, that portion which is being tossed back and forth between a state of the scantiest existence and a state of dependent charity, will come to us hand in hand with the free genius of the American people, operating under just and equal laws. A recovery which fails to bring to all our people a decent standard of living, a living wage, complete economic freedom, will be a cruel deception and nothing less than a brutal interlude to another catastrophe. We will make progress in reducing our debts and our taxes and unemployment, we will start to restore confidence to business and give courage to the average citizen, we will make progress in restoring purchasing power to the masses, indispensable to permanent economic recovery, when we establish and maintain free enterprise and break the hold of both private and public regimentation.

The opposition in this State are constantly saying that I am out simply to make trouble, that I do not really care about the high honor the Convention will confer upon someone, but that I simply want to make trouble. Make trouble for whom? I should like to see my party win. I should like to see the Republican Party repossess the confidence of the millions of voters who have left it and gone elsewhere. I should like to see it become a power again in shaping national affairs in the interest of a sorely perplexed people. I am perfectly certain that, if the leaders of the opposition in Ohio and their associates elsewhere control the national convention and write the platform and name the candidate, the party will not return to power—the Republican State of Ohio will continue to be in the Democratic column. Under their leadership and under their policies in which they believe, the party has forfeited the confidence of the average man and woman to a degree never before experienced in its history. It has ceased to be a power in the nation. I oppose them and I oppose their policies. That is the kind of trouble I am making. I confess my limitations, and I shall not likely be able to do all I should like to do. In their political philosophy, in their conception of economic justice, I see not one single promise or one single assurance looking to the betterment of the conditions of the 50,000,000 people who, when they were in power and their theories prevailed, were compelled to live on the bare necessities of life. Believing as I do, there is only one thing I can do, and that I am doing and that I will continue to do.

We have the laws on the statute books, if enforced,

to end monopoly and protect our people against its wrongs. We have the laws to protect the housewife against the economic masters who now determine the standard of living for the family. If we have not the laws already we have the power under the Constitution and the decisions of the courts to enact all necessary laws. It is solely a question of when we will use the constitutional power we have.

This cannot be done by fine phrases in a political platform. It will not be done by a party or candidate who accepts favors and incurs obligations to these influences. For forty years political parties have told the people over and over again of the great evils of monopoly, and how, if given power, they would deal with this subject in the interest of the people. The results accruing by reason of the failure to carry out these pledges are now to be seen on every hand. It is my conviction that the whole scheme of American life, of personal liberty, depends upon our effectively keeping this long-standing pledge.

The Cure of Disillusionment*

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

My subject is borrowed from a sermon preached by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, of the Riverside Church in this city. It refers to what impressed Dr. Fosdick, as it impresses me, as one of the most conspicuous and alarming features of this modern age—namely, the disillusionment which has seized upon the minds of men. There was a time, before the War, when we believed in something—when we had hope, and confidence, and a sense of victory—but that time seems to have disappeared forever. We believed in God, but now have doubts as to his reality. We believed in man, but now despair of his ability to save his world. We believed in our society, in its stability and security, but now have little confidence in its future. We believed in progress, but now are tempted to suspect that civilizations arise only in the end to "decline and fall." We believed in democracy and peace, but now tend to place our reliance on dictatorships, and on the force and violence practised by dictatorships. We believed in principles, cherished ideals, dreamed dreams and saw visions, but now are suspicious of everything but the grim realities of a pragmatic struggle for survival. The fact is we have seen a world tumble to pieces about our ears. The effect of this catastrophe upon our minds has been the same as the effect of an earthquake upon our nerves. We are a frightened generation. But primarily we are a disillusioned generation. The things which we trusted have turned to dust and ashes in our grasp, and we feel that we have lost what was alone precious. Our mood is that of Wordsworth when he saw the glory of the French Revolution pass into the cheap splendor of Napoleon:

> The great events with which old story rings
> Seem vain and hollow; I find nothing great;
> Nothing is left which I can venerate:
> So that a doubt almost within me springs
> Of Providence, such emptiness at length
> Seems at the heart of all things.

The tragedy of such an experience as this, if there be no recovery, lies not so much in its pathos as in its damage. A disillusioned person is a person who is injured in the very integrity of his being. Disillusionment of the mind very speedily transforms itself into dissolution of the soul. A man who loses faith soon loses purpose and direction. Losing purpose, he loses the momentum that drives him upon his way. Losing momentum, he loses headway, like a ship becalmed upon the sea. Then begins the process of disintegration! Inactivity breeds indifference, and indifference cynicism. The victim first refuses to be serious, and then is unable to be useful. Disillusionment is a poison which corrupts the soul, as any physical poison corrupts the blood. What happens is the same in both cases—first, paralysis, and then death. The life simply goes out of a man when, to quote Wordsworth again, he loses "all feeling of conviction, . . . and (yields) up mortal questions in despair." Byron was right when he called this experience of disillusionment the "feelings' full decay."

It is this which makes so necessary a cure of disillusionment. What are we going to do to recover faith when it is gone? What remedy is there for the despair which creeps into our souls in a time like this? The world gives "a dusty answer" to our souls, says Meredith. What wine of life can we lay hold upon to wash away this dust, and pour new vigor into our spirits' veins? I know the wreckage and ruin of our age; I have tasted all the disappointment and frustration and defeat which my generation has had to suffer. But I would have men still brave and confident—hopeful and ardent, and determined still to win. And so I would get rid of this disillusionment which threatens, like a cancer, to devour our lives. May I offer some suggestions for your meditation?

(1) First of all, I would remind you of what disillusionment really means—namely, the experience of awaking from illusion. When we say that we are disillusioned, we confess that we have been deceived by certain fantasies or idle dreams, and now have escaped into the sober realm of reality. To some people this may be a disagreeable experience, for there are always those who prefer to live in a fool's paradise rather than to abide with facts. These are the people who are always seeking for wish fulfilments, and therefore are glad to flee to any imaginings which will feed their desires and flatter their hopes. Most of these persons are the silly optimists who not only refuse to face things that are ugly and dangerous but even deny that such things exist at all, believing that by such denial they can actually remove them from existence. Illusion, therefore, is their oyster. Like dope-fiends, they prefer any illusion to reality, and shrink from disillusion as the opium-smoker shrinks from an empty pipe. They do not want to be awakened, these people, but prefer rather to dream in some misty haze of unreality. But no healthy or sane person is willing to abandon himself to such a state of mind as this. We want to know the facts, do we not? Our desire is to move in a world which is sound to the touch and clear to the vision. It is easy to be deceived, and frequently pleasant, but always dangerous. Therefore if we are deceived, we must be undeceived; if we are sleeping in some land of dreams, we must be awakened to this present land of reality. And this experience of awaking is disillusion-

*An address delivered at the Community Church, New York City. —Editor.

ment! In its essence it is a process of truth. If it hurts us, it is because we are afraid of truth, or are not worthy of it, or do not know what to do with it.

I can best describe the meaning of disillusionment as a process of truth by referring to the practice of science, which is constantly moving in the realm of illusion and disillusion. A scientist, let us say, has a theory which seems to him to be something of a revelation. It explains things never explained before—apparently brings order and system into a realm of phenomena which has hitherto been largely chaos. But is the theory true? This the scientist does not know, and he will not accept and use it, however wonderful it may appear, until he *does* know. So he sets himself patiently and laboriously to the task of verification. He undertakes a series of experiments, each experiment directed to the end of testing the soundness of his hypothesis. Everything seems to go well. His hopes are high, his confidence supreme. At last, after years perhaps of effort, there comes the decisive moment when truth or error will be proved for good and all; and to his surprise, his verification fails. The theory is not sound —the thought which this scientist has been cherishing all these years is only a vain fancy of the imagination. Here is complete and perfect disillusionment! But the scientist, if he be a true scientist, is not discouraged. He is not even unhappy, except as he may not unnaturally be disappointed. On the contrary, he is content, and even glad, for he knows now a good deal more than he knew before. He is nearer to reality just because he has explored unreality. In grave danger during all this time of being led astray by an illusion, he has now discovered this illusion. Therefore does he know that he is on the road to truth, and understand that disillusionment is a step upon that road.

It is this which has been our experience with the world during the past two decades. The hopes we cherished in the old days have not stood the test of trial. Our house of dreams has tumbled because it was reared not on the rock of reality but on the sands of unreality. Disillusionment has come because we were dealing with illusions. But now we know the truth. We see things as they are. Which means that our life today is infinitely sounder, saner, safer than ever it was in the days when the way seemed so much smoother beneath our feet. It is in this sense that I would commend disillusionment to you, in its literal and exact meaning, as the corrective of illusion. Thus understood, it may do for us what David tried to do for Saul, in Browning's poem,

> . . . bid (us) awake
> From the dream . . . to find (ourselves) set
> Clear and safe in new light and new life.

(2) This brings me to the second thing that I want to say this morning about disillusionment. I refer to the important fact that, whatever it may do to our illusions, the experience of disillusionment does not impair in any way the integrity of our ideals. If we are afraid of disillusionment, it is because we believe that it transforms our world into something grim and sordid and unromantic. But it need not do this, and *can* not do it, if we understand that while disillusionment destroys illusions as a wholesome influence of truth, it leaves untouched the ideals which glorify our days.

It is well to remind ourselves, at this point, that there is a distinction between illusions and ideals. I have never seen this distinction better stated than by Dr. Felix Adler, the famous founder of the Ethical Culture Society in this city. Speaking many years ago, on a subject suggested by the Great War, Dr. Adler said: "An ideal is an idea or mental picture of something that ought to be. An illusion," he continues, "is the notion that what ought to be can be realized immediately,—without effort, without pain—at least with a minimum of effort and pain. The illusionists are at bottom joy-loving people, who do not realize that the world is not made for enjoyment, and shirk the toil that is laid upon mankind."

This wise and indeed profound remark Dr. Adler illustrates by a reference to peace, which was the one great problem before the world when he was speaking, as it still remains today. Peace is the concept of a human society in which men of all nations live together in amity and concord—the idea pictured by Isaiah of men beating their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruninghooks, since "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." This is an ideal. But along with this ideal, says Dr. Adler, runs the idea within our hearts that "some small device, calling for but slight effort, will serve to effect the longed-for change in human society" from war to peace—and this is an illusion! Democracy provides another illustration of this distinction between an ideal and an illusion. Democracy is the concept of government by a free people in the common interest—"government of the people, by the people, for the people," as Lincoln put it. This is an ideal—one of the noblest ideals ever conceived by the human mind. But we think that this ideal of government is a simple matter—that democracy can be made to succeed, in a full measure of effectiveness, by any people anywhere in any short period of time—and this is an illusion! Religion is still another example of this distinction. Interpreted by the prophets in the Old Testament and by Jesus in the New as "love to God and love to man," religion represents the highest ideal of the soul—the farthest flight of the spiritual imagination of mankind. Just because of this fact, because most of us cannot attain to any such heights of inner vision, we come to identify religion with all manner of ecclesiastical superstitions. We convince ourselves that this ideal of the spirit can be achieved by resort to such trivial devices as writing creeds, or building churches, or practising the rites of empty worship. And this, like these other notions, is an illusion!

Now disillusionment, as I have said, is the process of discovering these illusions. Or, to put it in another way, it is the experience of discovering how we have deceived ourselves in this matter of ideals. We have believed that peace, like prosperity, was just around the corner, and have been disillusioned by the spectacle of a world plunging headlong into the cataclysm of the Great War. We have believed that democracy was a fixed achievement of modern life, and have been disillusioned by the experience of seeing it go to pieces under the impact of war and economic collapse. We have believed in religion, and in the all-conquering power of religion, and have been disillusioned by the tragedy of a world which seems to be strangely untouched by any influences of the spirit. But the important thing to note is that, while our illusions have gone, our ideals still remain. This process of disillusionment has not so much as touched the integrity of these dreams and visions of the soul. There they stand as steadfast and as whole as ever. For peace is as lovely today as when Isaiah first proclaimed it in his rapturous cry—"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of

him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace." Democracy is as wonderful now as when Lincoln sanctified it in his declaration of "a new nation conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." And religion is still as true as when Moses codified it in the Ten Commandments and Jesus glorified it in the Sermon on the Mount. No, our disillusionment has not disturbed these ideals. They are as fair, as desirable, as imperative, and as practicable as ever. What disillusionment has done is to disturb our thought of these ideals—to show how lightly we have taken them, how feebly we have sought them, how little we have revered them. It has revealed what Felix Adler calls "our moral fault" in failing to understand that ideals, just because they are ideals, can be attained by no "slight effort" nor "small device." There is no easy or short road, in other words, to the Kingdom. If we have failed, and disillusionment has swept down upon us, it is not because the Kingdom is an illusion, but because our "notion" of it is an illusion. We have thought we could reach it without labor, and win it without sacrifice. To a task as formidable as all the ages, we have brought neither patience nor courage adequate to the job. Our disillusionment is our self-deception, that is all.

> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

It is in this fact, that our ideals are unimpaired by our experience, that I find our second reassurance in this matter of disillusionment. We have gone, and are going, through dreadful times; we have been defeated, disappointed, depressed. But we may say with St. Paul that "we are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; cast down, but not destroyed," since nothing essential in our world has changed. Every ideal we ever found there, may be found there still. The moral law, the spirit's rule, the Kingdom of our God, these still prevail. Of course we have been disillusioned—of ourselves! We realize now how easy-going we have been—how complacent, conceited, self-indulgent. *We* have collapsed, but not the dreams and visions of the better day, of which we should have been more worthy. These live, as they have always lived. They shine like stars in the encompassing darkness of our night. "What, have fear of change?" cries Browning in the immortal stanzas of "Abt Vogler," wherein he pictures the organist pouring his soul into his music, and his music into his dream.

> All we have willed or hoped or
> dreamed of good shall exist;
> Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor
> good, nor power,—but each survives.—

(To be concluded)

Travel Letters-VII—The Philippines

ALSON H. ROBINSON

March 8, on board the *S. S. Tjisadane,* in the Celebes Sea—Long. 120 East, Lat. 10 North. Within the next twenty-four hours we shall cross the equator. Here's another experience of a lifetime. There doubtless are a favored few to whom it's an old story; but, not being among the initiated, I don't mind admitting that every passing hour whets the keenness of my curiosity. Passing the 180th meridian where the day begins was something of a flop. Everybody slept it off, and when we got up we simply called the day by a different name than the one they were using at home. We are told that it's a different matter when you cross the equator. If you ask the genial Hollander, who is our captain, what will happen, he answers in true New Amsterdam colloquial, "Plenty." And then as though to absolve himself from responsibility, he insists that for a few brief moments Father Neptune rises from the sea and takes complete command of the ship.

Meanwhile, by land and sea we have spent a week in the tropics. It is warmer, of course, but never so uncomfortable as those steaming July days at 42d Street and Broadway. Besides, you don't try to tear around as they do in New York. The tempo of everything slows down. The sea is perfectly calm. The passengers, numbering about forty of various nationalities, reconcile themselves to leisure. Even the ship moves sluggishly through the tropical seas—as though with labor. The captain's log indicates a run during the past twenty-four hours of little more than 250 nautical miles. My daughter says that she could swim faster than that, and I half suspect that, if it weren't for the dolphins and other curious creatures surrounding the ship, she would try.

In any event, after all the cold and discomforts of China, little wonder that we agreed that "Life begins at Manila." What a strange reversal of opinion that was. In the earliest draft of our plans we had completely omitted the Philippine Islands. Why should we waste our time among an ungrateful set of natives, living in an uninspiring and dolorous land, whom America has been doing her best to coddle into a state of modern civilization. To be sure we had a lurking suspicion that we were morally bound to see what America had done for her ward in the Far East, especially since now they were on their own; but secretly we would have been content to save all our hours for lands which we deemed more worthy of our visit. Once more we realize how misguided we were in our preconceptions, fortunately before it is too late. Nobody had told us of their natural beauty, or at least we had not informed ourselves. We didn't know that there were thousands of islands in the archipelago, inhabited by an unbelievable number of tribes, or that we might spend many weeks in this new commonwealth of unending delight and richly rewarding experience.

Let me suggest at the very start that doubtless one of the chief causes of the misguided attitude of many American visitors and residents in these islands is that they seldom become acquainted with the Filipinos who, by education and fairmindedness, are capable of expressing an intelligent opinion. American business men meet only Philippine business men; American politicians meet their own kind; General McArthur associates with embryonic officers of the Philippine Army. They all have an axe to grind, and none of them alone can see without distortion.

We landed in Manila on Sunday morning, and I went at once to the nearest house of worship of the Independent Church of the Philippines. Both in Boston and in Copenhagen I had met the venerable and vigorous Archbishop of the Church, Gregorio Aglipay,

and was eager to pay my respects to him. I found to my humiliation that a fortnight previously he had gone with his staff to meet the ship on which we had originally planned to arrive. I speak of this because it indicates how eager this group of religious liberals is to keep their contacts with fellow liberals in other lands, and I should most emphatically urge any such visitors to the Islands to lose no time in making this contact. Unless I miss my guess you will be mighty glad; and if you are reasonably responsive to his hospitality the Bishop will be very happy, too.

Some forty years ago revolution broke out in the ranks of the Roman Catholic Church. A group of the more progressive and better educated priests demanded greater freedom. Of course they did not get it; so they took it and, under the leadership of a young Dominican priest, named Aglipay, organized an Independent Church. It was hard going of course. They had defied the Holy Father and all the Hierarchy. But they had youth, idealism, intelligence and a lot of people to support them. They were unfortunate in certain court decisions which deprived them of their churches. But they kept at it, and today there are something like four hundred churches, with a definitely pledged constituency in excess of two and one-half million persons. From an American point of view, particularly as regards liberal churches, that seems like an astonishing figure. But I have every reason to believe in its accuracy. One village a hundred miles or so from Manila, where we visited, and a big village, has no Roman Catholic Church. Everybody belongs to the Independent Church. Bishop de los Reyes, a youthful, intelligent and finely sensitive prelate of Manila, counts ten thousand families in his parish. He knows them all by sight at least. The services in these churches are naturally highly colorful and elaborate, adopted from their Catholic tradition. In fact a person not knowing the difference would easily mistake them for Catholic churches. On Sunday for instance in the church of Bishop Reyes, mass is said seven times. On week-days the number varies according to circumstances. But when it comes to interpretation, they are worlds apart. Upon my first contact with the Archbishop he was returning from a meeting where he had addressed a combined group of communists and socialists. I remarked that with us it was difficult for these two groups to come together without resulting in a choice collection of broken heads. Apparently they have more in common in the Philippines.

There have been numerous approaches by Protestant bodies in America looking towards affiliation with the Independent Church. Bishop Charles Brent of the Episcopal Church made what was regarded as a very flattering and advantageous proposal. The salaries of the Bishops of the Independent Church would be guaranteed at a figure considerably in excess of those prevailing at the time. On the other hand both the name and status of independence would be discarded, and the Trinitarian formula would be adopted. The offer was declined. Some ten years ago friendly relations were established with the American Unitarian Association, and it is through this affiliation more than any other that this enormous and potentially powerful group in the Philippines feels its relation with religious liberals in the West.

As to the political independence of the Philippine Islands, the least that can be said is that it's a long and complicated chapter and we are far from the close. Exactly who wanted the new status is not quite clear. Just before leaving home, I heard Admiral Sims of the United States Navy say there were two reasons why we were giving up the Philippines. In the first place, it was impossible to defend them over so great a distance; and, second, they are not economically profitable. In other words, the beet sugar interests and the National Dairy Company didn't like the competition. That seems like a very reasonable explanation. It is quite certain that the common people of the Islands raised no great demand for independence, and, apart from Philippine politicians who have learned all the American tricks, the matter would hardly have come up so far as the Philippines are concerned. Now the question is imperative as to how the Islands shall be defended. There is no doubt in my mind that Japan is prepared to step in immediately. Economic penetration by the Japanese is already all but an accomplished fact. Japan is purchasing sugar in Java and selling it more cheaply in Manila than the Filipinos can produce it themselves, or at least she was doing so prior to the passage of the Black Act.

There is now a plan on foot for the defense of the Islands, involving an annual expenditure of some eight million dollars and the training of all male Filipinos, from the age of ten up, in the military art. Whether this is a legitimate plan or a device on the part of American militarists to take the little brown brother for a ride before the Islands are considered sufficiently well defended remains an open question. Frederick Nelson of the Baltimore *Sun*, who came here to attend the inauguration of the new Philippine Government, believes that whatever happens it is pretty certain that the Filipino will find that he has attained national independence at the price of considerable individual liberty.

Happily for us, our experiences and observations in the Philippine Islands were not wholly restricted to religion and politics. We went to Baguio. Now Baguio is famous for three reasons: First, the magnificence of its mountain scenery; second, the picturesqueness of its pagan tribes; and, most important of all, because it provides a retreat for white residents of the Islands during the hot season. We were glad to see it for all of these reasons. It was a privilege to make the journey, some 180 miles from Manila in the company of the two bishops. As we stopped from time to time at villages where Independent Churches are located, church bells would ring in honor of the bishops' arrival, and the bishop with a highly disengaging sense of humor would refer to me as the bishop of America. If you can go to Baguio in company with the bishops, by all means do so; but however you go, go.

Best of all we went aboard the *China Clipper*, and because we were the only visitors to whom this courtesy was extended on her second trip to Manila, the privilege was doubly precious. Just how we worked it, when not even newspaper men were admitted, is a secret which I should not regard as discreet to divulge. As to the authenticity of it all, I shall be glad to submit the choicest collection of snapshots that any round-the-world trippers have secured. The Clipper arrived from America on the same day that we reached Manila, and landed with scarcely a ripple in the harbor in front of our hotel. I wonder if anything so beautiful has ever been devised by the imagination and skill of man. Beauty and utility had spanned 6,000 miles of open ocean in less than six days. Pegasus had annihilated both the time and space that separated us from friends at home. And on her return she carried back so many

messages that we are nearly broke paying postage; among others, that story of the week in Peking. But such great events in the lives of little men don't happen every day. The Philippines and their people have treated us so royally that we want them to have everything that justice, fair dealing, and friendliness can afford.

A REJOINDER

By Margery N. Robinson

It is probably too much to expect of three persons, even in one family, to travel together and to agree on their impressions. After reading Mr. Robinson's letter from Hong Kong, I felt a little sorry for the unfavorable picture that he had drawn of China, but very definitely my reaction to this letter from Manila is one of disagreement in certain particulars. Being of a generous nature, Mr. Robinson suggests that I send along a dissenting opinion.

China was to me almost all I had anticipated, and that was a great deal. The infinite variety of scene, the historical background, the colorful buildings, the exquisite relics of an age of craftsmen, the picturesque life of the people behind their compound walls, the social and political problems, all held so much of interest that the discomforts of temperature fade into the background. Even though it was intensely cold, I felt invigorated by the air, and at least could get warm at night and usually in the hotel rooms by day.

Hong Kong with its mountain scenery, ocean bays, sandy beaches, luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation was to me a place of beauty and a joy for as long as we could stay. Life would begin there for me rather than at Manila. The pleasures of the heat are something that I prefer to read about rather than experience, especially when the breeze dies down at night and one tosses around in bed stifling under the mosquito net which bars the air and sometimes the mosquitoes. There are interesting places and institutions in the Philippines, but I should be reluctant to spend there a fraction of the time we spent in China, and it is the only place that we have been so far that I left without a suggestion of regret. I should add that I did like the people, who are always smiling, cheerful, and willing to help. One takes all these incidents as a matter of course in traveling, and I merely emphasize them to indicate that China has no monopoly on discomforts. Not that I like the Philippines less, but China more.

The Study Table

Capitalism's Tendency to Go "Fascist"

Jefferson and/or Mussolini. *By Ezra Pound. 128 pp. New York: Liveright Publishing Company. $2.00.*

The Will to Freedom. *By Ross J. S. Hoffman. 139 pp. New York: Sheed & Ward. $1.50.*

Powerful America. *By Eugene J. Young. 375 pp. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $3.00.*

Jefferson and/or Mussolini is, as we would expect from Ezra Pound, an amusing portrayal of the author's reactions to Fascism, as he saw it in Italy when led around obviously by one of Il Duce's minions. Then he could even think of comparing Mussolini favorably with Thomas Jefferson. This was in 1933. Two years later he published his book with this confession on the title page, "The September preface (1933) indicated a flutter of hope, that has grown steadily more fluttery and less hopeful." In a postscript or valediction, he adds, "These things being so, is it to be supposed that Mussolini has regenerated Italy, merely for the sake of reinfecting her with the black death of the capitalist monetary system?" So Mussolini fooled even Ezra Pound for a season!

* * *

In *The Will to Freedom,* the author, Professor of History in New York University, tackles the whole politico-economic problem raised by our technological age, not so much from the factual as from the philosophical point of view. Anxious to retain the gains for personal freedom, he finally rejects Fascism after a thorough analysis of it, in which he evinces much sympathy. He finds the old liberal state tending either toward the slavery of Fascism or that of Communism. Readers will be amused at his insistence that "such thinkers as, say, John Dewey or Harold J. Laski" are to be considered communistic. The chapter headings are: "The Liberal State and the Common Tradition"; "Fascism, Communism and Traditionalist Reaction"; "Liberty and Authority"; "Authority and Tyranny."

Professor Hoffman seems to us throughout his volume, even though it is very readable, to be confused between economics and politics. He calls for a return to the traditional set-up that Christendom has saddled upon the world, naively supposing that this can be done, even if desirable. One would like to ask him, "Cannot social ownership be achieved and controlled democratically?" Page Sweden!

* * *

The point of view of the author of *Powerful America* is well indicated by his sub-title, "Our Place in a Rearming World." Mr. Young is cable editor of the New York *Times.* This volume is a fine example of how we may expect our "news" to be distorted by the editorial point of view. As Mr. Young blames Prohibitionists for the thirst of all alcoholics, so too he blames the Peace Workers for the series of crises of late that so narrowly each time miss plunging the world into war. This, of course, vitiates his entire volume. Otherwise, there is much factual material about all the nations of earth.

No matter how insane and suicidal may be the ideas of Mr. Young and his ilk about America having an army and navy big enough to police and run the world, readers of Unity ought to read this book to understand the policies on which our administration seems to be well embarked. We certainly will fail to stem the tide of this armament mania, unless we take time to understand it. This volume can help us to do so, for it is obviously written by one who is still historically naive enough to be thoroughly "sold" on the idea that might can make right. The majority of our citizens would seem to hold to the same delusion, as witness their

allowing our Congress to appropriate over $1,100,000,000 for armament this current year.

The volume is perfect proof, if we needed any more, that we are living in a madhouse. If men like Mr. Young have their way, Fascism and ruin are just around the corner for the United States and the world.

GEORGE MAYCHIN STOCKDALE

England's Queen

VICTORIA REGINA. *By Laurence Housman. Chas. Scribners' Sons. New York. 470 pp. Illustrated.*

It is almost a platitude to say that it is not in the public actions of an individual but in the petty, private details of his life that we find the true key to his character. Public acts are made with the public in mind and the individual subordinated to them; but in the private act personality has free play. And so it is that Mr. Housman, through a series of thirty one-act dramatic glimpses into the private life of Queen Victoria, passing from her accession to the Diamond Jubilee, shows us a more real, vivid, flesh-and-blood Queen than any other biographer has achieved. And certainly no less real and vivid is the Prince-Consort, who, until his death, holds the center of the stage beside the Queen; and who, after his death, still continues to be the abiding influence in her life. It may be argued that such an imaginative piece of writing can have little historic worth; but the author has had access to enough documentary material to give his work the authenticity it must have even though, as he admits, "I have also, for the most part, drawn my material from side-incidents which have not as yet found their way into history." At any rate, it was considered authentic enough to be denied production in England.

Each of the thirty acts is complete in itself and could be produced independently of the others, each portraying some facet of Victoria's character; and together they run through the whole repertoire of human responses, and leave the perfect picture. "The Six o'Clock Call"; "Woman Proposes"; "Morning Glory,"—a whimsical scene wherein the new bride sees her husband shave himself; "Under Fire,"—the assassination attempt; "His Favorite Flower,"—Disraeli's; "Promotion Cometh,"—humor at the expense of a Canon's wife; "Painful Necessity,"—Kitchener; "Happy and Glorious,"—the Diamond Jubilee: these name a few of the high spots. They manage, too, adroitly though indirectly, to reflect the political background. Across the patterns of royal domesticity fall the shadows of Melbourne, Macaulay, Russell, Palmerston, Gladstone, Disraeli, Kitchener . . . each outlined clearly against the many-colored back-drop. The scene between Disraeli and his doctor is a superlative picture of the prime minister; indeed, it is difficult to keep away from superlatives when writing about Dr. Housman's play.

The play (in an abridged form, for it is probably too long for complete production) has been produced in America with an able cast; but it is obviously designed for the reading public. "I have," Mr. Housman admits, "in the writing of these plays, constructed the dialogue rather more on literary than on theatrical lines." To read a play appreciatively does not, as one might suspect, require some mystical inner eye or unnatural imagination; and to read *Victoria Regina,* which was admittedly designed for the reader, one needs only to have a normal perception. LYLE CORS.

The Evil Empress

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CATHERINE DE MEDICI. *By Francis Watson. New York: Appleton-Century. $3.00.*

Leonardo the Florentine, outstanding exponent of Renaissance magic, lifts his wand, at Francis Watson's imperious beck, to summon forth from those shades Catherine de Medici, queen sorceress, evil empress whose lordship over sixteenth century France brooded above its most fateful burgeoning in art, letters, and civil conflict. The evocation is admirable, richly poetic, adorned with everything beauteous which the Renaissance can offer—with its aid, we can scarcely do better than help our readers to recreate for themselves this enigmatic figure, as well as while away an indolent hour among the silks, swords, and perfumes of a vanished era.

Opening, in true Renaissance style, with a gorgeous masque accompanied by a resounding fanfare of jousts, celebrating the marriage of Madeleine de la tour d'Auvergne with Lorenzo de Medici, the drama-pageant (in sensuous sumptuousness faintly reminiscent of Rachel Annand Taylor's *Leonardo*) moves at a stately pace upon its way, silver-sweet with lutes and flageolets, clangorous with trumpets loud and clarions, showing us the birth of Catherine; first tumults of the war between King and Emperor; the sack of Rome; exile of the Medici, followed by fall of the Florentine republic beneath the mailed despotism of Clement; child marriage of Catherine de Medici with Henry II, dauphin of France; dauphiness of France; barrenness, followed by a decemad motherhood; watchful waiting and Florentine patience; the abyssmal death of Francis I; the eight-year reign of Henry II, with forced peace at home and strengthened frontiers abroad, punctuated by repressed growls from the Reformation; an interlude of child empery under Frances II used by the dictatorship of the Guises, strangling their opponent Protestantism at home, flinging abroad like a fiery gonfalon the challenge of the counter-reformation; the sudden death of the little king, giving full sway to Catherine de Medici, who now, through her sons, seizes the throne in an unavailing attempt to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm of civil catastrophe, only to see France launched upon a tidal wave of tremendous events which, mounting in swift crescendo, culminates in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and the terrors of the Guise revolution; concluding, amidst universal hatred and revilement, in the assassination of her last scion and in her own demise.

Such, in one too heavily-laden periodic sentence, is the sequence of events covered by this Medici chronicle—but, alas, no such sketchy outline can begin to do justice to the glittering web which our author has woven to enshrine his queen spider. "A blinding, blazing Renaissance pageant, with all the glories of an overwrought age lavished upon it," we have elsewhere called Hackett's *Francis I:* the sentence may also stand summary for this work, more subdued than its predecessor, daintier in its delicacy of touch; and, about the whole, an atmosphere of almost unbelievable beauty, heightened by the evanescence so characteristic of the age. Around the evil empress throngs a comprehensive galaxy of Renaissance stars, from Leonardo, Botticelli,

Marot, Brantome, Montaigne, Rabelais, in artistic endeavor, to the great lords of political achievement, Francis I, Bourbon, Bayard, Coligny, Clement V, Lorenzo the Magnificent, Henry VIII, Philip II, Elizabeth—and, of course, surrounded by this brilliant entourage and over against a superb background, the Evil Empress herself—evil, one may suggest, because, faced with a shattered, tottering era clamoring aloud to be transformed utterly, she tried, in Mr. Holmes' words, "to patch up the old order and pass it off for a new," with the inevitable resultant chaos; empress, because she focused within her inscrutable soul all the magnificence which that overworn epoch could provide, reflecting it backwards to our own in a dazzling blaze of incandescence. Let her finest biographer's closing bars be her requiem; and so an end:

> . . . She herself, absorbed always in the detail of the moment's problem, looked neither back nor forward, and it is better to let her go to her grave without yielding to the temptation of retrospect. To pass a labored moral judgment upon one who had no moral principles would be absurd. Catherine was not good nor bad, she was successful or unsuccessful. Cold, curious, attentive to minutiae, she could be neither fanatic nor visionary. The epitome of her period, she was intellectually myopic, and her successes, numerous and brilliant, were in small matters; for she could not take the long view. And so her momentary triumphs had their revenge upon her, and the dragon's teeth which she sowed so shrewdly in her earlier years bred armed men to destroy at last the projects of a lifetime.
>
> Nor can we say *quia multum amavit* . . . and be done with the matter. Love never actuated her, and that makes it so much easier to regard her as she would wish to be regarded, unsentimentally. She fought a dogged and unscrupulous trench warfare against more enemies, perhaps, than any other woman in history except Elizabeth of England. Many might have been her friends if she had trusted them, but she would not. Between the death of Francis I in 1547 and her own death in 1589, she had scarcely a single friend, and since her death she has had fewer still. Yet her personality remains as fascinating as the glittering and merciless age that died with her.

ROBERT SCHALLER

Correspondence

An Open Letter to John Haynes Holmes

Dear Mr. Holmes:

I am so pleased with your published letter, *A Minister Writes to a Parishioner,* that I cannot resist the temptation of writing to you.

When you wrote about the police as protecting the interests of the have-nots against the haves, you did not infer that they did not protect other interests apart from have-nots and haves. I don't see why you should be ashamed of making such a statement, because I am of the opinion no one should be ashamed to speak the truth, even though its hurts.

And, of course, Bernard Shaw was right when he stated (which I have read myself) that the police officer is mainly occupied today in enforcing the legalized robbery of the poor. What is Capitalism but legalized robbery? What damnable deeds are perpetrated in the name of the law! Laws made under capitalism are mainly made for the rich, with a semblance of justice for the poor. With no apology for the police, we cannot blame them so much as the lawmakers. Being born into Capitalism, they have no other choice but to try and enforce the law as it exists today. Unfortunately, however, law is not always justice.

You were right in saying, "We must wipe out capitalism"; but you did not show us the *way* it could be done. We could guess you were in favor of Communism because you made that statement. But it would be only a guess.* Personally, I don't think you are in favor of Communism. You are no doubt, in favor of Socialism, which many people claim is Communism with another name. But it is not. The Socialists believe in law and order. They think that their plans can only be brought about by and through legislation; while the Communists believe in a "united front" to compel the downfall of Capitalism. Apparently, according to their own propaganda, they believe in physical force.

In *What the Communist Party Stands For,* we read:

> Whatever fighting has been done in the last few years for higher wages and unemployment insurance and relief, was done under a revolutionary leadership with the closest participation of the Communists who are in favor of the overthrow of the Capitalistic system by *force.*

Quoting from the same source, we have this:

> A revolution cannot win unless the armed forces, or at least part of them, join the workers. But once they join, the workers have not only rifles and cannon, but also airships and poison gas and battleships to fight the bosses. Poison gases are destructive, to be sure, but their destructive power can be turned also against the old system. There is no reason why the workers should not use them against the enemy when the final conflict has arrived. In all revolutions throughout history the armed forces of the old system were at the beginning stronger than the armed forces of the revolutionists.

On the other hand, the Socialists say what we need is a revolution of thought. If the common people will *think* right they will vote right. And until they vote for their own interests, and not for the interest of the capitalist, we shall still remain in bondage under Capitalism.

A party, like the Communist party, who condemns war, then advocates physical force to gain its ends, is hypocritical, to say the least.

I congratulate you on your stand against snobbery. You "struck the nail on the head" when you told your opponent what he really meant to say was that the social standing of the congregation was not high. That he was shocked by the fact that many of the people didn't have money, and didn't belong to the best society.

That is the great curse I find in the world today—money and society. Don't you think we would be more contented and happier if money was eliminated? What is money but a medium of exchange? If one of these social upstarts were landed on a deserted island with a million dollars (if that were possible) and the island was rich with fruit and nuts and wild game; with running streams of water filled with fish; with wild vegetable life requiring cultivation, what would the million dollars buy? It could not buy the fruit and nuts, because there would be nobody to gather them and offer them for sale. It could not buy meat and fish, because there would be no hunter and butchers, and no fishermen to offer these things for money. What good, then, would the million dollars be? Would not the labor of this stranded mariner be of far more value than all the money the island could hold?

*A wrong guess.

I just use this illustration to show that labor is superior to money.

How did that correspondent of yours gain his social standing except through the efforts of labor performed by such low-down people as he condemns?

More power to your elbow, Mr. Holmes! Never cease to strike at the root of social evil, and I'll never cease loving you for it. JOHN ROWLAND.

Stratford, Ontario, Canada.

Kagawa

Editor of UNITY:

I read with interest your editorial "Kagawa and His Hosts," in UNITY for March 2nd. Dr. Kagawa was in New Orleans on March 16th. I awaited his coming with considerable hope that he would make some helpful impression on the religious life of New Orleans. Being a Unitarian in the Fundamentalist South, I was allowed no part in planning for Kagawa's visit. We Unitarians, however, were given our share of tickets for admission to the meetings, and Mrs. Girelius and I attended a reception at the Japanese Consulate where Kagawa was entertained.

He was spared the extravagant entertainment which was extended to him elsewhere. But I was disappointed in the results of his visit. He spoke twice to large audiences. Some could not understand him because of his accent. I did understand him, but he said nothing very definite about his social program. He spoke of Christian brotherhood and love, emphatically and earnestly, but only in principle. There was no hint that he might be Socialist. He did not reveal himself as the man that a few of us know that he is. Students turned out in large force (among them my daughter), and they left the meeting with expectations entirely disappointed. As I watched Kagawa and listened to him, I sensed the presence of a fire in his soul that was not permitted to blaze. There is a question I would like to have answered. Was Kagawa prevented from fully expressing himself? Was he forbidden the privilege of speaking fully on the social side of his work? I have my suspicions.

He was of course in the hands of Fundamentalist churchmen in New Orleans. It was plain to me that Kagawa was too liberal in his theology to suit them. In fact, the chairman when introducing him felt that he had to explain that Kagawa's "doctrine" was sound!

Later, I asked one of the more liberal clergymen here if he thought Kagawa would leave any lasting impression in New Orleans, since it was evident that not many of those who heard him could get much from his addresses. He replied that he thought some good would result if small groups are interested enough to follow up his visit with a study of his books. I asked, "If those who heard him in New Orleans had understood all that Kagawa stands for, would they have accepted him?"

I am giving you only my personal impressions. The local Fundamentalist attitude toward religious liberals gives me very slight contact with other clergymen here. I cannot know what many of them are thinking. I can give you only one view of Kagawa's visit in New Orleans. I am writing you in this fashion because I think it will interest you to have my impression to add to information you are getting from other sources.

CHARLES G. GIRELIUS,
Minister, First Unitarian Church.

New Orleans, Louisiana

Religion True and False

Editor of UNITY:

Mr. Hambro, president of the Norwegian legislature and member of the League of Nations Council, said in a recent radio broadcast that "European statesmen are becoming convinced that only by the application of religion can any fundamental solution of the world's problems be found."

True! But not our present so-called Christian religion. Religion is a growing, expanding, developing program. We have not outgrown the Old Testament religion. The Old Testament is a history of a nation whose religion was based on the idea of making peace with God. The first instance on record is of Cain and Abel. It led to envy, hate and murder. It led to the idea of God's chosen race. It stoned the prophets. It crucified Christ. It attempted to kill the Creator of the universe. Christ said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

Our present religion is based on the same idea of making peace with God. It is leading in the same direction. It divides men into classes producing envy and hatred. It produces a feeling of superiority. We see the spirit in our criminal laws and prisons. They are instruments of punishment, not reform. It has led to the idea of a chosen few of every race. "God's children" —the rest are the devils. It has led to imperialism, to the exploitation of the so-called inferior races for the profit and pleasure of the "Christian nations." We are stoning and killing our prophets. We see the same feeling of superiority in church papers. The Editor of the Michigan *Christian Advocate* said: "It was hard to understand why God did not slay the wicked with the breath of his mouth." Is it not supreme egotism when man takes his brother to God and asks him why he does not slay him?

JOHN T. RICKETT.

Howell, Michigan

The Collapse of Cotton Tenancy

By Charles S. Johnson
Edwin R. Embree
W. W. Alexander

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A copy of this significant and authoritative study of cotton tenancy in the South will be sent free to each new subscriber of UNITY; also free copies will be sent to old subscribers upon receipt of 10 cents to cover postage.

The Field

(*Continued from Page* 122)

The Social Action Program of the Community Church of New York

The following program for social action was adopted at a special Congregational meeting at the Community Church Center on Monday evening, April 27, 1936, it being understood that this expression of general opinion is always subject to amendment and amplification and invalidates in no degree the right of individual dissent.

1. Civil Liberties

The Committee recommends cooperation with the Civil Liberties Union and similar organizations for defense of the rights of free speech, free press, free assembly and other civil liberties guaranteed by the Constitution.

2. War

The Committee recommends that the Community Church cooperate with anti-war organizations, e. g., Committee on Militarism in Education, The Fellowship of Reconciliation, The Public Action Committee, etc., in the following ways: (a) Reduction of Armaments; (b) Opposition to the R. O. T. C. in public schools and colleges, and other military training devices for youth; (c) That individuals in sympathy with these aims write to their congressmen and senators expressing their own views whenever an emergency arises; and (d) That individuals join some anti-war organization, particularly at this time the Public Action Committee.

3. Race Intolerance

The Committee advocates cooperation with local and national organizations working for equality of opportunity for all racial groups in America, and recommends support of the Anti-Lynching Bill.

4. Marriage Relationships

In this connection the Committee recommends the endorsement of the efficient Marriage Consultation Service established in the church under the direction of Drs. Hannah and Abraham Stone, and urges those with personal marriage problems to avail themselves of this service. The Committee also recommends cooperation with the Birth Control League, and also recommends liberalization of the New York State Divorce Laws and the general work of social hygiene.

5. Cooperative Principle

The Committee recommends as part of the activities of the Community Church that each organization study the Cooperative Movement in its various forms by the promotion of discussion groups, etc., to which qualified speakers could be invited, through the Social Action Committee.

6. Liberation of Workers from Exploitation

The Federal Council of Churches and other religious bodies, Catholic, Jewish and Protestant, have come out in favor of collective bargaining and encouragement of organized labor. The Committee feels that the Community Church should also play a leading part in this field and favors the following minimum program:

(a) That all organizations within the church use the Union Label on all of their printing as the church is doing today;

(b) That union orchestras be employed for dances conducted by the Community Church or any auxiliary within the church;

(c) That if the office staff wish to join the Bookkeepers, Stenographers and Accountants Union this action should be favorably received;

(d) Cooperation with legitimate strike and defense committees and organizations of the unemployed having the endorsement of organized labor;

(e) The support of union-made products;

(f) That the Social Action Committee be authorized to call upon the people of the Community Church to support such strikes as the Committee feels involve the liberation of workers from exploitation, after the Committee has investigated and reported favorably on such strikes.

7. Pressing Social Legislation

In connection with poverty, disease, slums, illiteracy, insecurity etc., the Committee favors:

(a) Active participation in all efforts of reform in these connections; and recommends:

(b) That the Community Church join the National Child Labor Committee and support the Child Labor Amendment.

8. Adult Education

This Committee advocates (a) utilizing the advice of outstanding educators and making recommendations to the Educational Committee as to what topics and speakers might be most desirable for the courses given in the Community Church and (b) the establishment of a special literature table at Town Hall and the Church Center, under the exclusive control of the Social Action Committee, to supply people with adequate information on social problems.

* * *

Resolved: That the Social Action Committee be authorized to act in the name of the church itself on this program adopted April 27, 1936, and on such other principles that may be adopted at future meetings; and

Resolved: That the Committee may speak in its own name on emergencies which may arise from time to time and on other pertinent matters in conformity with the Social Principles adopted at the Annual Meeting in January, of this year.

Jean Conklin, *Chairman*
Margaret Adney, *Secretary.*
Edwin Koppel
Edwin C. Johnson
R. C. Roper
Jeannette Stephenson
George Moesel
John Haynes Holmes } *ex-officio*
Leon Rosser Land }

Forthcoming Articles

Child Guidance and Family Life in the Soviet Program
By Miriam Ziony

A Plea for Freedom in Teaching
By Frank S. Harwood

The Foreign Fight for Peace
By William C. Allen

The Menace of Militarism in the United States
By Hugh Stevenson Tigner

Abandon the Economic Complex
By Ira H. Frantz

Present Trend in World Politics
By Taraknath Das

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